

MADRIGALES  
AND  
AYRES.

Of two, three, foure and five Voy-  
ces, with the continued Base, with  
TOCCATOS, SINFONIAS and  
RITTORNELLOS to them.

After the manner of Con-  
sort *Musique*.

*To be performed with the Harpese-  
chord, Lutes, Theorbos, Base Violl,  
two VIOLINS, or two  
VIOLS.*

PUBLISHED

By WALTER PORTER, one of the  
Gentlemen of his MAJESTIES  
ROYALL Chappell.

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LONDON,  
Printed by *William Stansby*.

1632.

*Cum Privilegio.*

TENOR

Two days later, the two men were found dead, with the commonest type of footprints, but no tracks.

The performance was a success.  
Chord, Lutes, Flute, and Viol.  
Two Violins, and two

By Walter P. ... one of the  
Gentlemen of the ...  
Royal ...

London,  
Printed by  
1851  
G. P. & Co.

TELEPHONE



TO THE RIGHT HO:  
NORABLE JOHN LORD  
D<sup>y</sup> G B Y of Sherburne, Earle  
of BRISTOW.

My singular good Lord:

**R**etreats from the World are settings forward for Heauen,  
And since it is now so rare a fashion, to haue many Associates:  
in such extrauagancies; me thinks their diuine Solitudes (or  
Desolations) should be pleased with presentment of diuine  
Consorts. God himselfe is entitled to Musique, it being euen  
his owne spirits most sweet inspiration. For which cause I  
haue employed my best endeuours to serue your Honor in your sweet Solitari-  
nesse (as Sir Philip Sydney calls the fruition of his owne) with my best abili-  
tie; As well to expresse my true gratitude, for all your rare goodnesse in my  
attendance in Spaine; here and euery where, wherein your right Noble Fa-  
mily hath bound me with most strong deseruings; As any hope in my unwor-  
thinesse to please you worthily. In regard your good Lordship hath heretofore  
beene feasted with the Choice Musiques of Christendome; whose Accents still  
sounding in your eares, must with all power of desert keepe out the desertlesse  
assaults, or Assayes of Entrie made by mine owne deficiencies. But because  
men many times (in curious feare to seeme partiall in sentence of their owne  
labours) are as many times scarce indifferent and equall; If any worth all in  
these my solicitous watches could obtaine lest passe to your Honors delight.  
I should be more glad to be now so deceiued; then euer I was sure of good  
speed in my most happie and succesfull Ambitions.

And so rest euer your good

Lordships,


Walter Porter.





## To the Practitioner.

**G**entle Practitioner, I haue boldly aduentred to publish these Madrigals and Ayres; thou mayst blame my presumption, yet thou canst not, if there be any goodnesse in thee, blame my intention and end, which is no other, but by this meanes to be free from burying that poore talent which God hath giuen me; and by this little, to acknowledge his great goodnesse, and my will, if I had greater abilitie: and to expresse in some meane manner my thankfulness vnto my Noble and worthy Friends, which, if they like any of them, I shall acknowledge my selfe well satisfied for all my labour and charge; if they come to any of your hands, before you censure (which I know you will, and they that vnderstand least most sharply) let me intreate you to play and sing them true, according to my meaning, or heare them done so; not in steed of singing, to howle or bawle them, and scrape in steed of playing, and performe them falsly and say they are naught; In so doing if they were nere so good, you'd spoyle them; for I must tell you, a Composer, when he hath set a Song with all the arte he can, hath done but halfe the worke, the other halfe is the well performing or expressing that in singing or playing which he hath done in composing; howsoeuer I now must be content, yet thus I could wish it; I haue exprest in the part of the *Harpsechord*, the *maior* and *minor* sixses, by Flats and Sharpes, the figures I haue put ouer the head of euery Note as neere as I could, I haue made the singing Base also a thorow Base, in which you are not to sing but where there are words or this signe :: of Repetition; in the Songs which are set forth with Diuision, where you find many Notes in a place after this manner

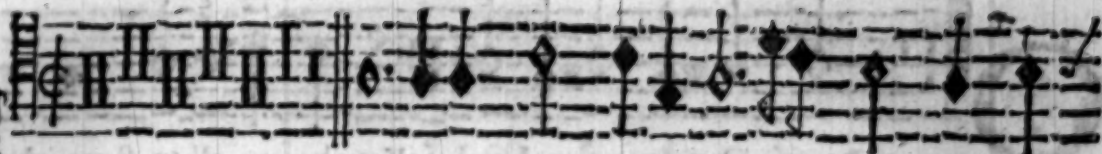
 inrule or space, they are set to expresse the *Trillo*: I haue made vse of these *Italian* words, because they shall not mistake, and sing them, if they were expressed in English, being mixed amongst the other wordes, *Tace* which is, that the Voyces or Instruments, are to be silent, or hold their peace, till such or such things be performed, also the word *forte*, which is strong or loud, I haue set before most of the Songs, *Toccatos*, *Sinfonias*, and *Rittornellos*, which besides the delight and varietie they beget, they are good for the respiration of the Voyce, for which end they are vsed; Thus much I thought good to certifie thee; what shall be wanting as through Bases, for the other Instruments, which is to be vsed to make vp the body of Musicke, according as I haue set downe, thou must take a little paines to write out, as I haue taken a great deale to make them, and to haue them printed, and when thou hast done, let a little Charitie be in a part of thy censure, And I shall strue, if this haue but indifferent acceptation, to doe something for a little more vsfull, till which time and euer,

*I rest thine in all loue,*

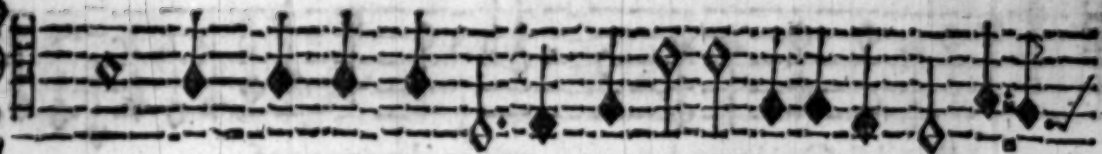
Walter Porter.



Cho:



Let your Songs be of him and prayse him, And

prayse him, and let your talking bee of all :||: his wondrous  
Vers.

workes, of all his wondrous workes, be of all :||: workes. Remember the



marueilous workes that hee hath done, his wonders and Iudgements of his mouth,



And forget not all his benefits, And :||: which forgiueth all thy finnes,

Cho:



And healeth all thy In-fir-mi-ties, And gathereth thee :||: and



gathereth thee out of the land, And :||: land, from the East and from the



West, from the North and from the South, and from the South, And saueth thy life,

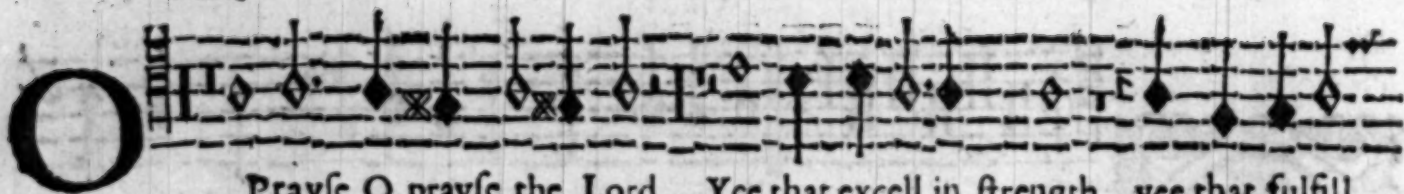


And :||: from destruction, And crowneth thee with mercie and louing kind-



nesse, And :||: with mercie and louing kindnesse.

Vers.



Prayse O prayse the Lord, Yee that excell in strength, yee that fulfill

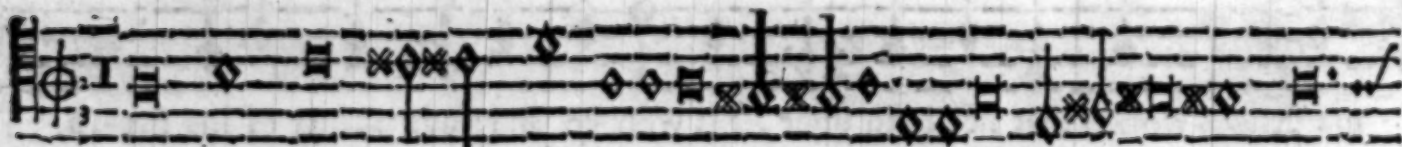


ye :||: his Commandements, vn--to the voyce of



his word, And hearken vnto the voyce the voyce of his word,

Cho:



O speake good of the Lord, O :||: O :||: of the Lord,



All yee workes of his, In all places of his Dominions, In :||: Dominions,



prayse thou the Lord, whilst I liue will I prayse the Lord, O my Soule whilst I

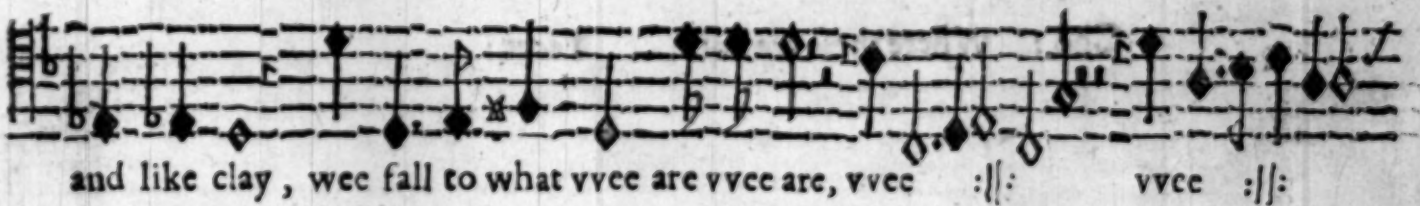


:||:

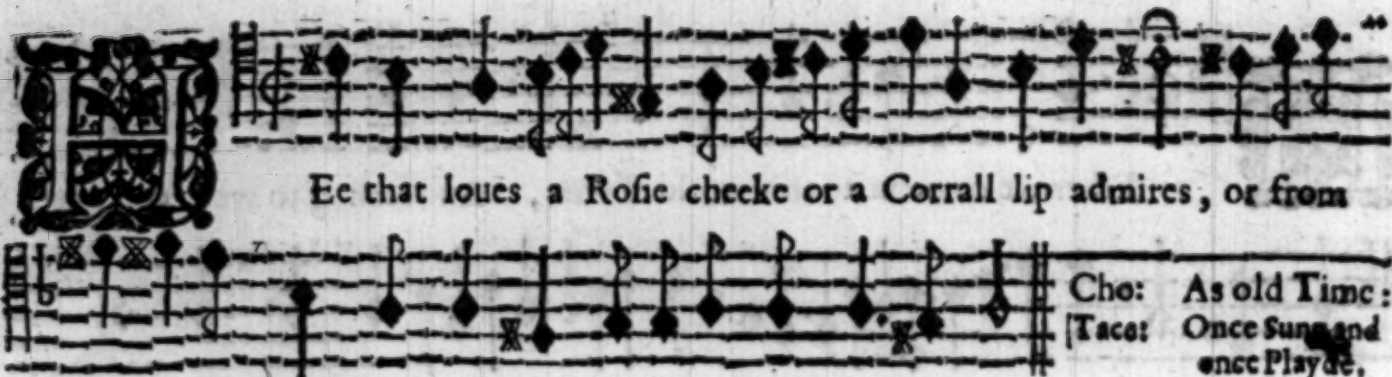
whilst I liue will I prayse the Lord.



Tace: Sinfonia:



Tace: Rittornello:



He that loves a Rosie cheek or a Corall lip admires, or from  
 Cho: As old Time:  
 [Tacet: Once Sung and  
 once Playde,

starre like eyes doth seeke doth seeke, fewell to maintaine his fires,

Tace: Ritornell: And so all over as afore.

But a smoth and stedfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calme desires:  
 Hearts with equall loue combin'd,  
 Kindlesse neuer dying fires.

Cho: Where these are not.

Tacet:







Cho:



Tace: Sinfonia:



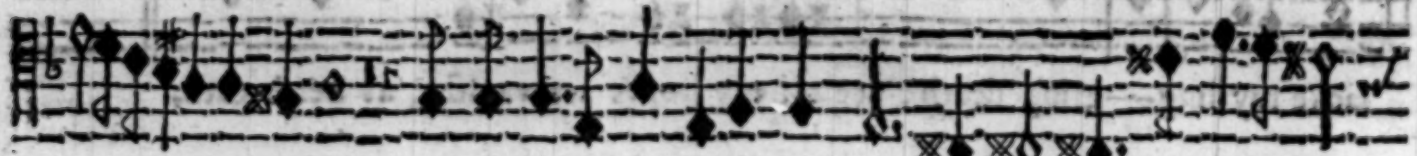
Itting once reft with delight, In my fay—rest myftrefle fight,



I tooke plasure to compare her eyes whitnesse to the ayre, I tooke pleasure to com-



pare her eyes whitnes to the ayre, That which compast in the ball, I did pu—rest water



pu—rest water call, And the prettie prettie inward round, I stil'd earth but O I found



while some part I did desire for to liken vn-to fire, for to liken vnto fire, ere I knew from



whence it came I my selfe grew all a flame, I my selfe grew all a flame.





Tace: Sinfonia.



Ooke on me: If by so happie meanes I dye, my fortune it aduances, aduances.



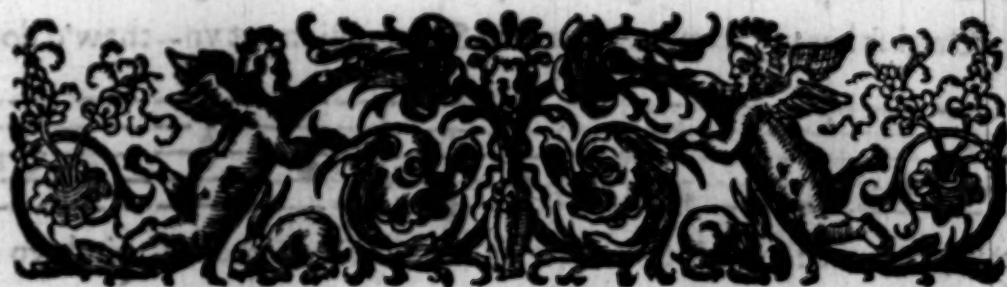
It will reuiue mee being dead, reuiue me being dead, It will reuiue mee



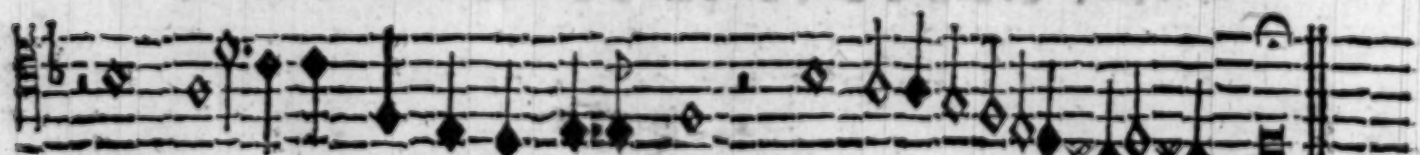
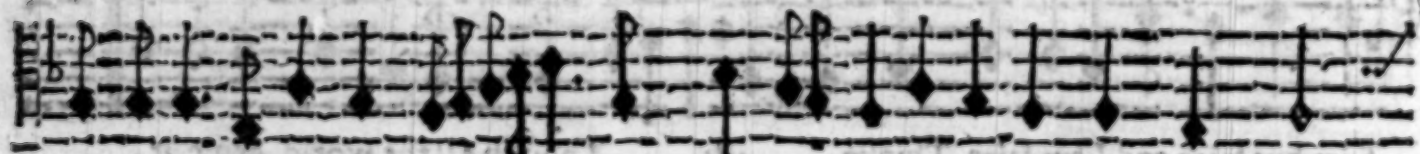
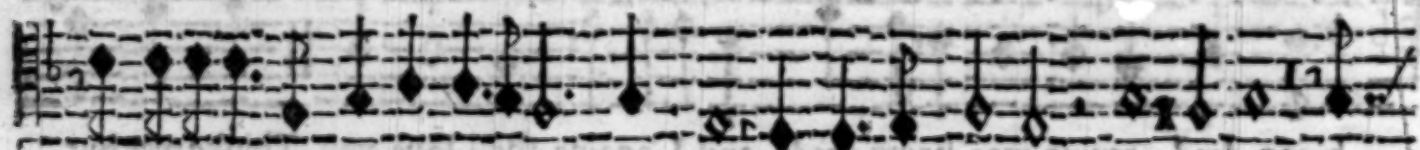
being dead, reuiue mee being dead, and I againe shall loue you, Think mee but



saire but saire and I am saire, Thinke :||: Though all the world denie it.



Tace: Sinfonia:



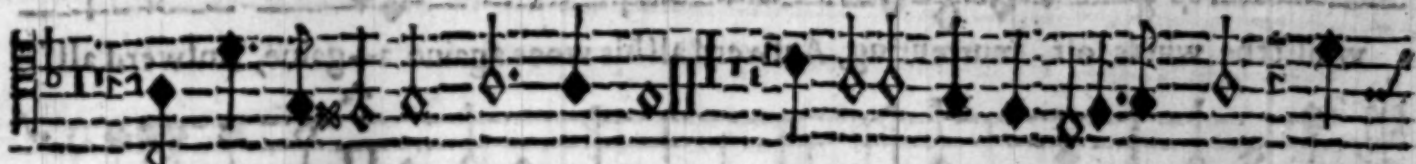




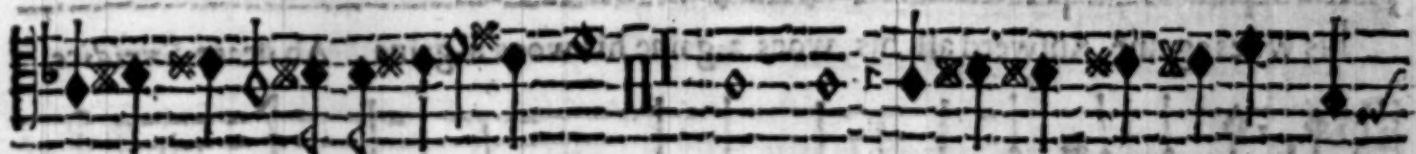
Ld Poets that in *Cu-pids* hands put weapons first , A Chaine, But



now hee finds in *Celsus* either brow, In both her eyes in all her parts two bowes,



Ten thousand feters flames and darts , The graces and the carelesse snares, that



in her looser looser beautie lyes , Sweet smiles and sweeter ayres that flye, like



lightning from her lippes, And then, Tell me how many wayes loue murders murders



men, Tell me how many wayes loue murders men.



Tace: Sinfonia:



Hus sung *Orpheus* to his strings when hee was almost slaine,

whilst the winds soft murmuring, Answerd all his woes againe a-gaine, Answerd all

his woes againe, Answerd all his woes a-gaine his woes a-gaine, Ah deare *Euridice*

Ah, Ah deare *Euridice*, the Eccoing winds reply'd, The Eccoing winds re—plyed

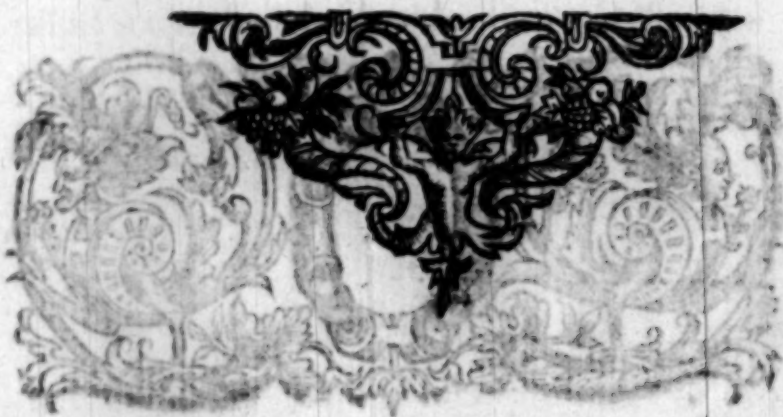
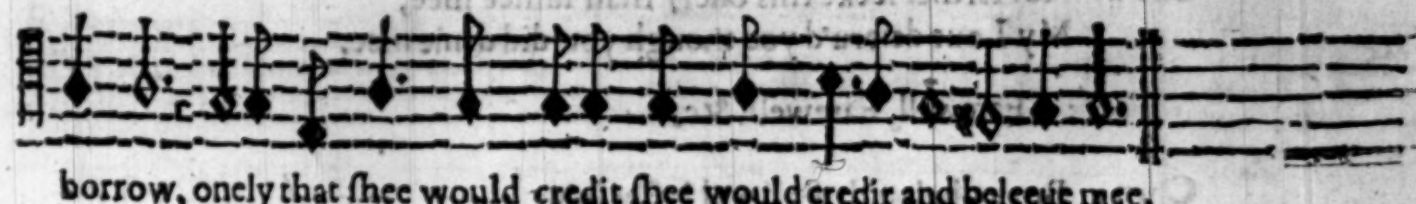
the Eccoing winds reply'd, Ah, Ah deare *Euridice*, Ah deare *Enri-dice*, Ah

deare *Euridice* the Eccoing winds reply'd.





## Tace Toccato:



Tace: Farewell once my delight, &c.



Le plaine no more to Loue, no more to thee, but cease to mourne,



where none will pittie mee will pit-tie mee:

Tace: And though I hate, &c.

Cho: And since my Loue and me you disauow,  
As if to Loue you were to iniure you.

Tace: He mildly Temporise, &c.

Cho: Nor farther seeke this onely shall suffice mee,  
My Loue deseru'd you though you did denie mee.

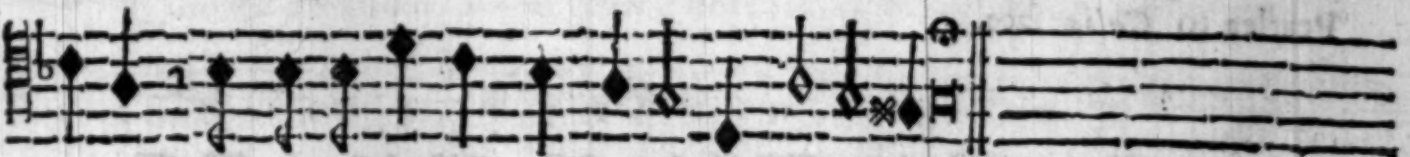
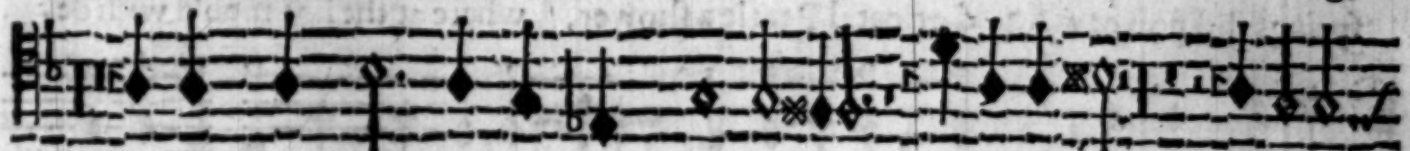
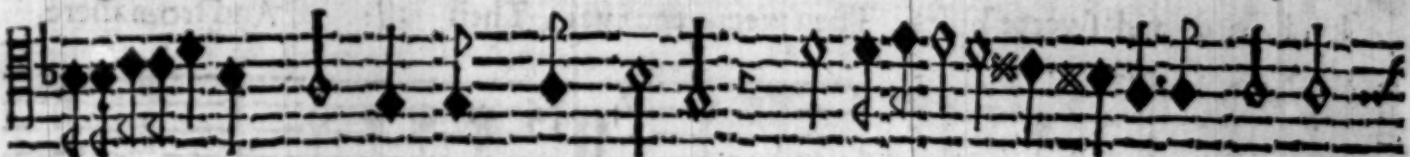
Tace: Farewell, Farewell. &c.

Cho: Be you belou'd of all and lastly shine,  
As faire in Heauens eye as you are in mine.

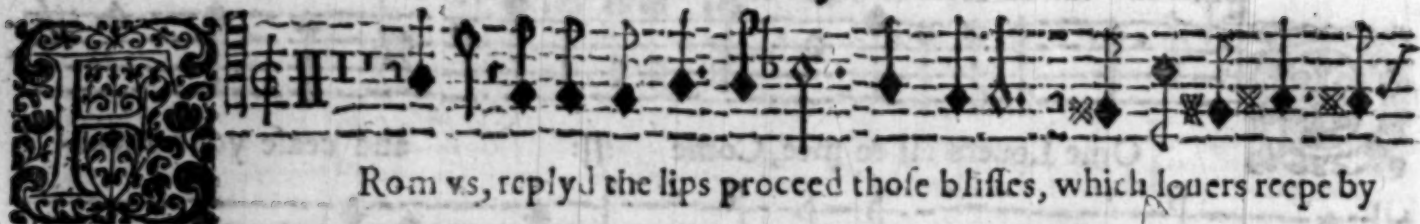




Tace: Sinfonia:



Tace: Rittornello:



kind words and sweete kisses, Then weept the eyes, Then :||: And from there



springs did power of liquid oriental Pearle a shower, where at the lips mou'd with de-



light and pleasure, Through a sweete smile :||: vnlockt their pearely treasure



and bad loue Iudge loue Iudge, whether did adde more grace, weeping or smiling,



Pearles to Calias face.







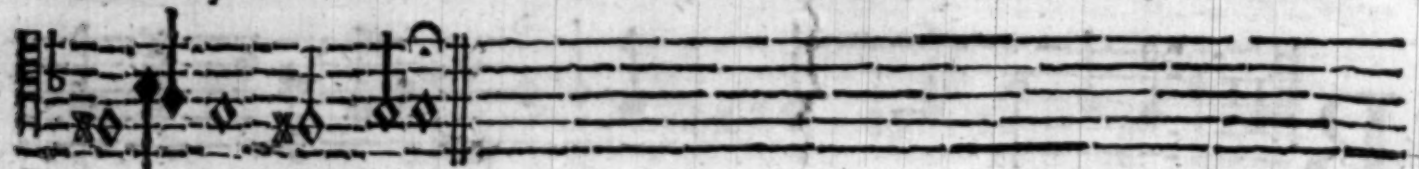
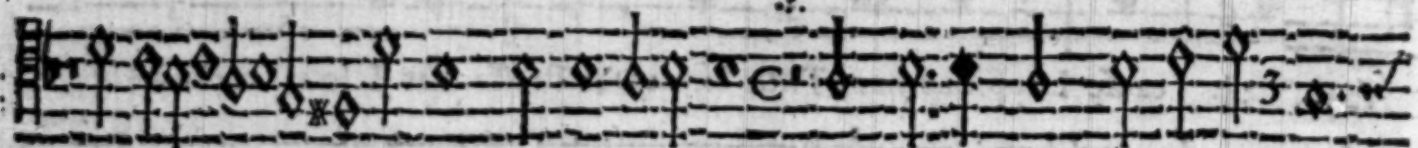
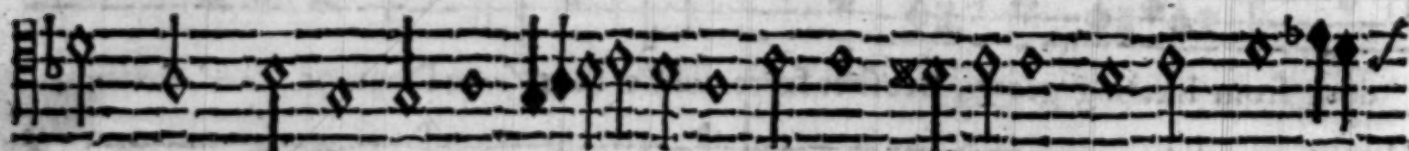
faire, :: cause I approue her,

Over againe



Thinke her faire :: faire cause I approue her.

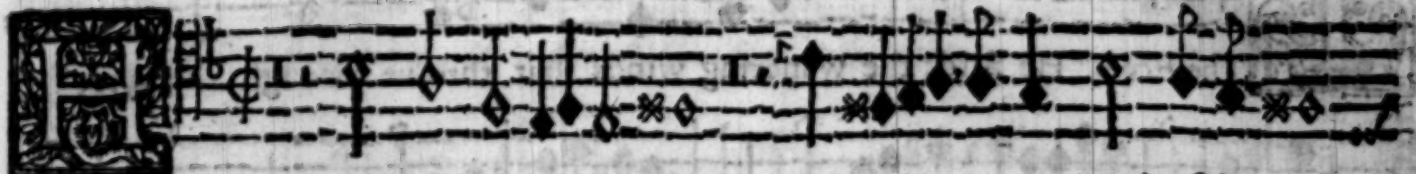
Tace: Toccato:





First Part.

Tace: Sinfonia.



Ayle *Cloris* hayle; Faire goddess of the Spring, Faire :||: youth of the yeare,



Of thee still will wee sing, youth of :||: Of thee still will wee sing,



Hayle fayrest of *Iones* seede, Hayle fayrest of *Iones* seede only of thee of thee, onely of



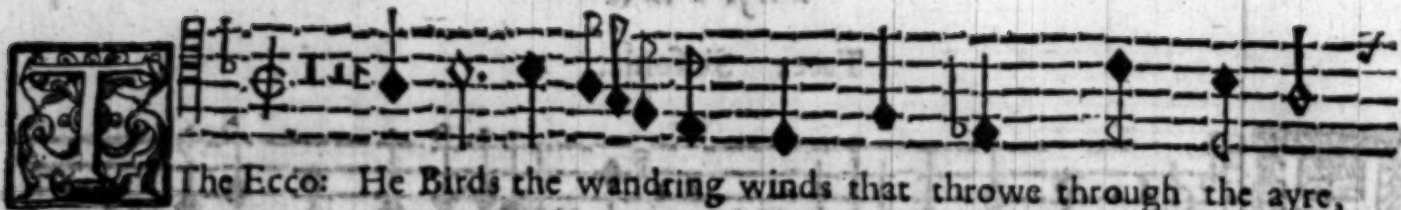
thee, That art earths Musicke shall our Musicke be, shall :||: be, That :||:



• be That art earths Musicke shall our Musicke bee, That :||: bee.



Tace: Sinfonia:





Tace Toccato:



Tace: Rittornello:



beautie, for which I affect thee I affect thee.



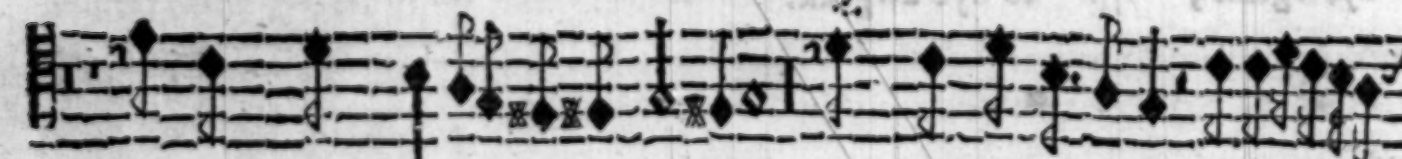
Thy mind is fayrer then thy face or eyes, And that same beautilous out-side which thou



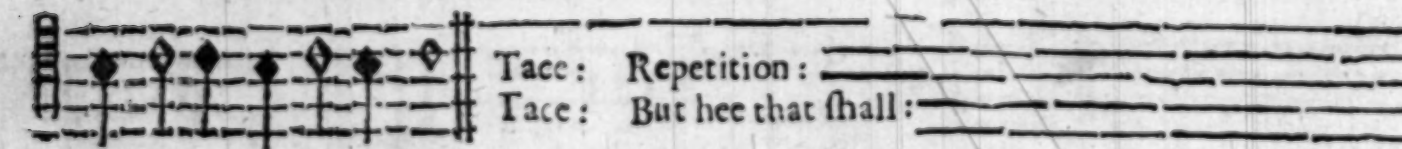
hast, is but a curious Casket curious Casket in which lyes, The treasures of a minde,



Vertuous and chaste, Vertuous and chaste.



For when through age thy beautie shal decay, But worth will last vntill, last vntill



thy dying day dying day.



And thinke thee fayre and know thy vertues too, And much admire thee, As I sweare



I doe as I sweare I doe.



Tace: Toccato:

Tell mee *Aminas* *Cloris* cryes, Tel

As shee was sitting

by him, As

:||:

Tell mee *Aminas* *Cloris* cryed, As shee was sitting by him, If

there bee such a thing as leue, how happe how :||: wee cannot spie him, be-cause to

see,

Two mortals two :||:

is forbidden, But in thine eyes, But in thine

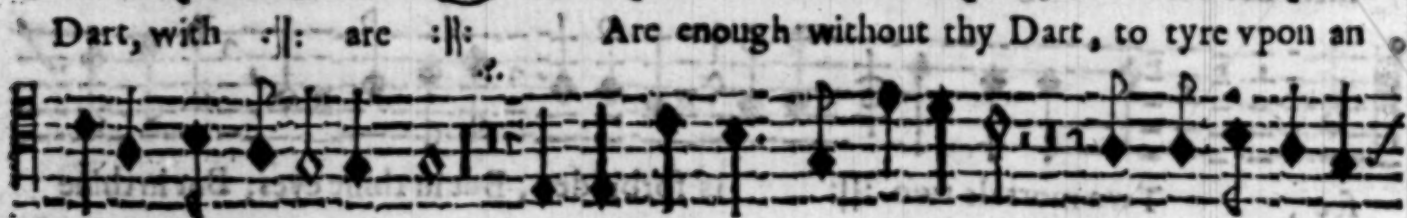
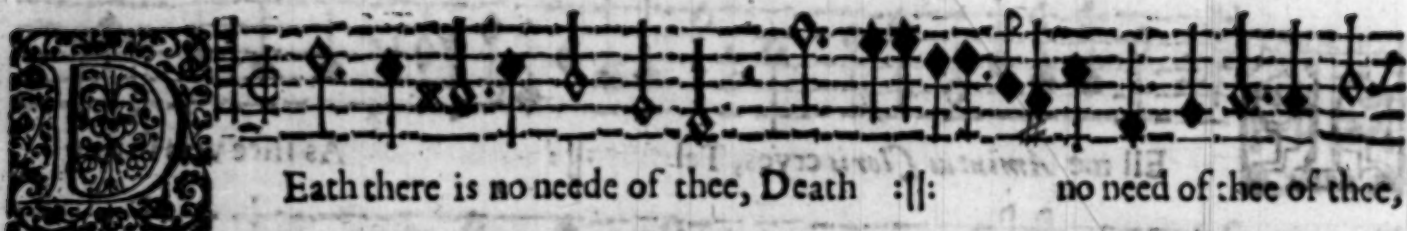
eyes euen there hee lyes, And in :||: my bo-some hidden, Eu'n there hee

lies but in thine, eyes euen there he lyes, And in, And in my bosome hidden, And in, And

in my bosome hidden.



Tace: Sinfonia:





An Elogie on the Right Honourable Lady, the Lady  
ARRABELLA STEWARD.

Tace: *Sinfonia*:

First Part.



Ake sorrow wake fith shee is falne a sleepe a sleepe, fith :||: fith



:||: fith :||: falne a sleepe, who was Entombd, who was Entombd in



life, Entombd in life, who was Entombd was Entombd in life, Eyes weepe out fight, eyes



:||: eyes :||: out fight, Or see but still to weepe, Who now is dead, Aye



me aye me shees dead, Then mind we still her name, Then :||: Then :||:



Then minde we still her name with hearts with hearts of Lead.

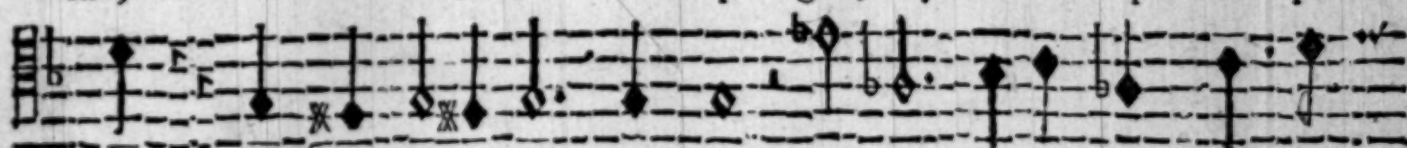
Second Part.



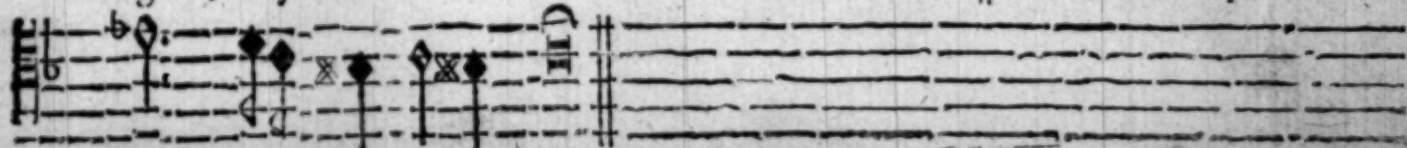
Arewell :||: deare widdow wife, Farewell in Death, that fardst so ill in



life, that fardst so ill in life to ill in life. Sole parragon, Thy vault stil keeps stil keeps our



thoughts, Thy Chest our hearts our hearts, Thy vault :||: still keeps our



thoughts, thy Chest our hearts.



*The Table of the Songs contained  
in this Booke.*

1	<b>O</b> Prayse the Lord,	Of 5. Voyces.
2	Hether we come,	Of 5. Voyces.
3	He that lones,	Of 4. two Trebles, Alto and Tenor.
4	Sleepe all my my loyes,	Of 4. Treble, Alto, Tenor and Base.
5	Sitting once,	Of 3. Treble, Tenor and Base.
6	Looke on me euer,	Of 4. Treble, Alto, Tenor and Base.
7	Tell me you Starres,	Of 2. Treble and Tenor.
8	Old Pottes,	Of 5. Voyces.
9	Thus sing Orpheus,	Of 5. Voyces.
10	End now my life,	Of 3. Alto, Tenor and Base.
11	Farewell, Foure parts,	Of 5. Voyces.
12	Come Louers all,	Of 5. Voyces.
13	In Celiæ face,	Of 3. Treble, Tenor and Base.
14	Tell me where,	Of 4. Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Base.
15	Loue in thy youth,	Of 3. Alto Tenor and Base.
16	Hayle Clores hayle, First part.	Of 5. Voyces.
17	Th' Ecco, Second part,	Of 5. Voyces.
18	Young Thirsis lay,	Of 5. Voyces.
19	Thy face and Eyes,	Of 3. Alto, Tenor, and Base.
20	Tell me A Minias,	Of 2. Alto and Tenor.
21	Death, there is no need,	Of 4. Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Base.
22	Wake Sorrow, wake, first and Second Part,	Of 5. Voyces.

**FINIS.**



